

ARSON AS A FINE ART. A Self-Confessed Incen- diary Tells How He Used the Torch.

Men, women and children are sleeping the sleep of the weary. Every room in the building at No. 264 Division street is packed with humanity—so closely packed as the space and the Health Board laws regulating tenements will permit.

All day it has been work, work, work. From the frailest to the most robust in

sell," declared Gustave Meyers, one of Zucker's alleged accomplices the other day, testifying under oath.

In one corner, behind the partition, is a huge tub filled with a mixture of kerosene and alcohol. This the firebug plants close to the wall where all the plastering has been ripped away, exposing a network of laths. A single fallow candle lights him on his task, and he goes about his work as easily as if he was kindling a fire under a boiler instead of under a floor above which are dozens of his fellow beings who will almost certainly be doomed to death.

In a closet adjoining the tub which has been filled with the inflammable mixture the firebug placed a chair. On this was a cake of soap and planted in the centre was a lighted candle. Near the candle was a small bowl containing alcohol. Carefully tying a string about the bowl and looping it about the candle so that by a single jerk the flame would be communicated to the alcohol, the firebug carried the other candle out in the hall. He peered about to make certain that no one was looking, then gave a jerk on the rope, saw that the candle was upset, and made his way out as silently as he had come in.

THE CITY WITH A CURSE Mysterious Dead City with a Glorious Past, but Now Desolate and Un- tenanted.

Of all the dead cities of the world one of the most wonderful and least known is Vijayanagar, the "Accursed City," in the Deccan, India, of which Captain Charles Rolleston, of the British Army, the first European who has visited it since 1870, recently gave an interesting account before the Indian section of the Society

the Moslems prepared to march on the capital.

There was consternation in Vijayanagar when news of the disaster arrived, and many of the inhabitants commenced to pack up their worldly goods. The Portuguese historian, Faria y Sousa, states that a large amount of property, including vast wealth in gold, silver and precious stones, and a magnificent royal throne of gold, set with jewels, was packed on 1,550 elephants, and this caravan departed before the arrival of the invaders.

When the Mohammedans took the city there ensued one of the most terrible episodes ever narrated, even in the history of Oriental warfare, for during the five months that followed, the Moslems gave themselves over to unrestrained rapine and pillage.

The booty acquired was enormous, for, from time immemorial, the Hindoos had accumulated gold and jewels, which, when danger threatened, they hid in the earth. But the victors were ruthless in their search. It is recorded that Adil Shah, one of the Moslem leaders, secured, among other things, a magnificent diamond, two diamonds, one as large as an ordinary hen's egg, and another but little smaller.

Murder, torture and outrage of every description were endured by the unhappy population. Vijayanagar had been a seat of learning, among the greatest in all India, but the colleges and libraries, stored with the treasures of ancient genius, collected during the course of centuries by thoughtful Brahmins, were demolished. From the palace of the Rajah down to the humblest dwelling, all were looted, and all the temples but one were desecrated by having the blood of the sacred cow spilt in them, and at last the inhabitants who remained alive, believing the wrath of their gods had fallen on the city, fled from it and dispersed themselves throughout the surrounding country.

"I noticed a temple dedicated to the god Vishnu," said Captain Rolleston, speaking of the city's present appearance, "which was most elegantly carved in granite, the richly cut porch in particular being one of the finest pieces of stone decoration in all India. Near this edifice is another small temple, a perfect curiosity in its way, as it is not built, but hewn out of a single solid rock—originally an immense boulder—the whole being minutely and tastefully carved to represent the car of Juggernaut."

"As I rode through this deserted city, in silence broken by nothing but the footfalls of my horse, it conveyed to me the idea of an enchanted place such as forms the ready theme for an Eastern storyteller. There was something weird in its utter loneliness, in the emptiness of its magnificent edifices long untenanted by man; the stone-hewn Hindoo gods, sometimes monstrous, always fantastic and strange, looking apparently with an expression of silent mockery carved on their faces, before whom centuries ago there bowed down and worshipped and sacrificed millions of votaries, now dead and dust, who once crowded the temple gardens and busy thoroughfares."

"The singular effect of the scene I have described was heightened by the fact that the city was not by any means untenanted, although the occupants were not human beings. A species of large gray monkey from their habitations everywhere throughout these buildings, and those animals clustered in crowds among the images of the gods, climbing in and out through the doors and windows of those palaces, which, in other days, were occupied by Hindoo nobles. Appropriately enough, at one end of the principal street was a huge stone statue representing Hanuman, the monkey god himself."

It is believed by the Hindoos that for a fortnight, dating from the first full moon in every April, the curse and desecration is taken off the city, and the sacred river once more has the virtue of being able to cleanse from past sins all those who bathe therein. So widespread is this belief that people of all ranks come from the most distant parts of India to attend the Jatra, as the holy festival is called, and it is estimated that the annual influx of population is over a quarter of a million.

"Thus the city is again inhabited," says Captain Rolleston, "but only for a fortnight. On my second visit the roads in different directions leading to the shrines were crowded with pilgrims of all classes, traders and ordinary visitors; markets were established; temporary shops run up; the palaces of the nobles were once more occupied, as were some of the temples, by visitors who came in thousands every hour, and in others white-robed Brahmin priests were hanging lamps and conducting worship as of old. The gayest time of it was by night, when the full moon of Southern India lit up the city, shining so brightly that one could read the smallest print by it. If, as I have said, Vijayanagar appeared like an enchanted city when silent and deserted, it conveyed that idea much more when its streets were again thronged with Hindoos. Men, women and children were there, in holiday mood and holiday dress, laden with jewelry and thoroughly enjoying themselves."

BOOKS AND THE SEASONS.

What is Appropriate Reading in the Spring Should Be Laid Aside in Winter.

It is not generally recognized that books have their appropriate seasons, and they ought to vary them according to the time of the year as readily as they change their clothing. That which is excellent reading in November is no less unsuitable to July than a heavy overcoat. Christmas is beyond all doubt the season to appreciate Dickens. Perhaps, too, the best possible reading in holiday time is that furnished by the old books—by volumes which are old friends, and which can be read over and over again with unflagging delight. For New Yorkers—a large number of them at least—the holiday season begins with a railroad journey. If the trip is long, one needs strong literary meat with which to beguile the time. A railway train is not the place to enjoy subtle character studies or involved analysis of motive. The main interest must be so strong as to hold the reader despite himself. Perhaps a good detective story fulfills these conditions as well as any, but there is a must be really good. Any person, for instance, who happens not to have read Wilkie Collins' "Moonstone," may be confidently advised to try it on his next railway journey.

But in 1861 several Mohammedan rulers of neighboring states lying to the north of the Hindoo empire formed a coalition in order to effect a partition of Vijayanagar, and a large force was collected for the purpose of invasion. The reigning Hindoo monarch, named Rama, hastily summoned all his available troops and marched northward to meet the enemy. The two armies met at Telikota, on the banks of the Krishna River, and the Hindoos were routed after a long and desperate battle. The Rajah was promptly decapitated, and

THE LIMIT OF COPELAND'S DUTY

Reached With the Perfect Demonstration by Thousands of Cures of the Discovery Which Has Made the Deaf Hear--A Word to Those Who Doubt Demonstrated Facts.

If there remain any who still disbelieve; if there remain any who still doubt or question in any way the golden integrity of the marvel that has opened deaf ears; if there are any deaf ones whose indifference or incredulity blinds them to perpetual soundness, or if there are any whose life scepticism is vainly directed to prevent tag others from reaping the benefit at hand, let this lesson be remembered.

More than half the misery endured by the people of the world has resulted from ignorance of simple truths, or from their refusal to accept already demonstrated facts.

Doctor Copeland has insisted month after month here in New York upon the investigation of these countless cures. He will do no more. He will ask no more. The limit of his duty has been reached.

For those who still doubt there is a parallel in the simple English allegory that



Patrick Smith, 110 Spencer street, Brooklyn, cured of Catarrh of Nose and Throat.

fails in no particular, that is perfect in its likeness. A bent old man, with a much raked, his small eyes fixed upon the ground, heedless to all sights and sounds around him, oblivious to all above him, never looking at the glorious world of Nature, never looking at the glorious canopy of Heaven, is the perfect prototype of the man who refuses to believe the evidence that is given for his good. The sky is above him, the ground is under him, and his eyes are still fixed upon the ground. There is no hope for the man with the medical muck rake.

HEARS PERFECTLY AFTER SEVEN YEARS' SILENCE.

Alfred Bunel, 270 North street, New Rochelle, "I had been deaf seven years. My right ear was stone deaf. In my left ear—my better ear, as I called it—sounds were faint. It was gradually growing deaf. Buxing noises in my head were terrible; they resembled escaping steam. Sometimes, however, they would be sharp and shrill, like swift wind; again low and muffled. My hearing had been restored by the Copeland treatment. I can now hear my watch tick two feet away from my right ear—the one that was stone deaf. The hearing in my left ear is all right. My hearing has been completely restored, and I am making this statement because of my gratitude to Doctor Copeland."

TOTALLY DEAF IN LEFT EAR.

William H. Edmunds, 67 Broadway, Brooklyn, 33 years old: "My left ear was totally deaf when I placed myself under Doctor Copeland's treatment. My deafness resulted from pneumonia. I could not hear a watch tick when I placed it close to the left ear. I was greatly troubled with buzzing sounds in my head. I can now hear as perfectly with my left ear as with my right. I can hear a clock ticking in the next room."

ALMOST TOTALLY DEAF. HEARING RESTORED.

Simon Gartner, 1596 Avenue A, City: "I could not hear my wife speak to me unless she shouted at me. With the windows of my room open I could not hear the noise made by the children playing in the yard. I was greatly troubled with buzzing sounds in my head. I can now hear as perfectly with my left ear as with my right. I can hear a clock ticking in the next room."



Mrs. Jacob Deremer, Springfield, L. I., cured of Bronchial Asthma.

were so dull and confused that I could not distinguish one from another.

"At Harbinger & Homan's cigar factory, Elgin street and Avenue A, where I am employed, the foreman and my fellow workmen had to shout at me to make me understand a number of doctors without any benefit. My deafness first began with buzzing and hissing noises in the ear.

"After I had been under treatment by the Copeland Doctors for some time, one morning on getting out of bed I noticed that I could hear the clock ticking. I realized then that my hearing had suddenly returned to me. My wife spoke to me in a low tone and I heard her distinctly. Since that day I have had no difficulty in hearing conversation, or any sound. From almost total deafness I have been restored to perfectly acute hearing."

COULD NOT HEAR HIS BROTHER SPEAK TO HIM.

Felix McManus, No. 237 Seventh avenue, City: "I had been deaf for two years. My left ear was totally deaf at times, and my right ear was not much better. I could not hear ordinary conversation. There were noises in my head all the time that sounded like steam escaping. I could not hear my brother speak to me across the table, and he had a good, strong voice at that. After being under treatment by the Copeland Doctors for a time my hearing began to improve, and it is now fully restored. I hear again perfectly with both ears. The noises have entirely disappeared. I can hear a watch tick at a distance, and from my room in the third story of the house I can plainly hear the street cars and wagons."

FATHER AND SON WERE BOTH DEAF, NOW BOTH CAN HEAR.

Matthias Klein, 56 years old, 524 Fulton street, Jamaica, L. I.: "I was not one of those who went to Doctor Copeland to be cured of Deafness with doubts or misgivings. I felt sure he could cure me before I went to him. I had reason to feel sure, because he had cured my son of Deafness. My son, Peter J. Klein, had been deaf for eighteen years. HIS DEAFNESS HAD RESULTED FROM SCARLET FEVER when he was a boy. When he went to Doctor Copeland he could not hear ordinary conversation at all. He could not hear the ticking of a clock or any of the common sounds. Doctor Copeland completely restored his hearing; made him hear as well as anybody. So, I say, when I went to Doctor Copeland for my own Deafness I went feeling sure that I would have my hearing restored."

"He has restored my hearing just as he did that of my son. When I began hearing I heard the ticking of a clock, and that the men in the planing mill of which I am foreman had to yell at me at the top of their voices to make me hear. Of course, I could not hear ordinary conversation. At the dinner table when I was with my family I was shut out from whatever they said in their ordinary voices. My wife and sons had to scream at me to attract my attention.

"And with all this deafness there were those constant distracting, distressing ringing noises in my ears. SOMETIMES THEY WERE LIKE RINGING NOISES; sometimes they were like a steam whistle or the jangling of bells. I would press my hands against my ears to stop the racket. I was so distressed by these noises in the ears that my business was interfered with. I could no longer do any figuring or writing.

"The first thing that yielded to Doctor Copeland's treatment were those distressing noises. Then after a time I began to hear, for my hearing had begun to improve. The improvement continued steadily, until now I can hear as distinctly as I ever could. The noises in the head have disappeared entirely. I can hear ordinary conversation even in a low tone. I can hear a clock tick, or the ticking of a watch. I can under-

stand every word of a public address or sermon. I can hear everything that anybody can hear."

RESTORED TO SOUND FROM A WORLD OF SILENCE.

William Fox, No. 160 Spring street, City, 70 years old: "I had been deaf twenty years. Both ears were affected. I was so deaf when I began the Copeland treatment that I could not hear the street cars or heavy wagons passing my house. One day, after taking the treatment at the doctor's when I was returning home, something in my head seemed to give way, and the noises about me seemed to cease. I started as though I had been awakened from a dream by some terrible accident. It was several minutes before I realized what had happened. I heard the sounds that had been so alien to me for years. The noises in my head were gone. Good fortune to my son, and when he spoke I heard him distinctly. I could hear the piano three rooms away. I could hear footsteps on the stairs. I could plainly hear the clock ticking."

Matthias Klein, who had been deaf, and who after seeing his son cured of Deafness placed himself under treatment and was also cured.

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HER LOST HEARING SUDDENLY RESTORED.

Mrs. H. Hassel, No. 418 East Eighty-first street, City: "I was almost totally deaf when I went to the Copeland Physicians. I could not hear the clock strike. Only the loudest sounds penetrated my ears, and even these were muffled and seemingly at a great distance. I had noises like the buzzing of bees in my head. I could not hear my husband, especially at night. After being under treatment some time I noticed a little improvement and soon after that of a sudden my hearing returned as perfect as it ever was in my life. I could hear the voices of the members of my family with perfect distinctness in ordinary tones, and even the lightest noises about the house came to me as plainly as before my affliction first began. The noises in my head that so distressed me have also entirely ceased."

DEAF THIRTY YEARS, HEARING RESTORED.

John Richter, 150 Saratoga avenue, Brooklyn, 69 years old: "I had been deaf for thirty years. My left ear was stone deaf. My right ear was also very deaf. With that ear I could hear only very loud sounds. I kept a slate and pencil necessary for me to ask them to write what they had to say on the slate. I could not hear the ringing of bells. I pressed myself under treatment. One morning when I arose I found that I could plainly hear the clock ticking. I tested it at different distances and finally ascertained myself that my hearing had returned. After thirty years of almost complete silence, the marvelous treatment of Doctor Copeland had restored to me my lost hearing. I can now hear my watch when held three feet away. I can hear the clock strike. I can sit in the parlor and clearly distinguish the voices of my family talking in the dining room in the back part of the house."

DR. COPELAND'S BOOK FREE.

On application at either office, or by writing for it, you may obtain Doctor Copeland's book containing a description by Doctor Copeland of the treatment that cures Deafness. Doctor Copeland's Monograph on Deafness, on Catarrh and Doctor Copeland's famous Symptom Questions describing disease in its different forms.

LESSONS ON THE PERMANENCY OF THESE CURES OF CATARRH.

John Geoghegan, 284 20th street, Brooklyn: "I was a sufferer for four years from Catarrh of the Nose, Throat and Stomach. I was worn out every morning before I began my day's work by the gagging and the effort to clear my nose and throat. I had a tired, heavy feeling all the time. I had no appetite and I lost flesh. I had a very bad cough. My sight became affected. I had frequent dizzy spells.

"I was obliged to give up my work often for a week at a time because I had not strength enough to carry it on. I was treated by a number of doctors without relief. I had become thoroughly discouraged.

"That was two years ago.

"I began to improve from the very first. My friends immediately noticed the change in me. My appetite returned. I regained the sleep I lost. I felt bright and active, the dizzy spells left me, my sight returned, and I soon became perfectly cured. I returned to my work with new vigor. From that day to this I have been in perfect health."



Miss Maggie Smith, South Amboy, N. J., cured of Bronchial Catarrh.

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CURED OF CATARRH OF THE STOMACH.

Maurice Conlin, 22 Windsor place, Brooklyn: "I suffered from Catarrh of the Stomach for two years. I had frequent and terrible cramps in the stomach, especially at night. If I ate anything hearty at night it caused me great distress. Eating did not cause me great pain. I had little appetite. I had a bad cough and I was constantly hawking and spitting.

"I lost 20 pounds, and when I went to the Copeland doctors two years ago I was very weak. Improvement did not begin at once, but when it did begin, a complete cure speedily followed. Since that time I have regained my flesh and have had no return of my old troubles."

CATARRH OF NOSE AND THROAT CURED.

James Hawkins, 151 Railroad ave., Jersey City: "Catarrh of the Nose and Throat had caused me much suffering for several years. My nose was always stopped up so that I could not breathe through it. My head felt like a drum. I was constantly hawking and spitting, and I had a bad cough. My appetite was poor and my health became much run down.

"I went to the Copeland Doctors a year ago last Spring and they completely cured me. Under their treatment I regained the use of my nose for breathing purposes, the cough stopped, and I regained my appetite and with it my strength. Since that time I have remained perfectly well."

CATARRH OF HEAD, THROAT AND STOMACH CURED.

Henry E. Bush, 1100 Avenue A, Brooklyn: "I suffered greatly from Catarrh of the Head, Throat and Stomach. I could not eat nor sleep well. My head and throat became so filled up during the night that it took me a long time every morning to clear them out. My food distressed me. I lost in weight and my health became greatly impaired.



Reinhold Boerbringer, 97 Ellery street, Brooklyn, cured of Catarrh of Nose, Throat and stomach.

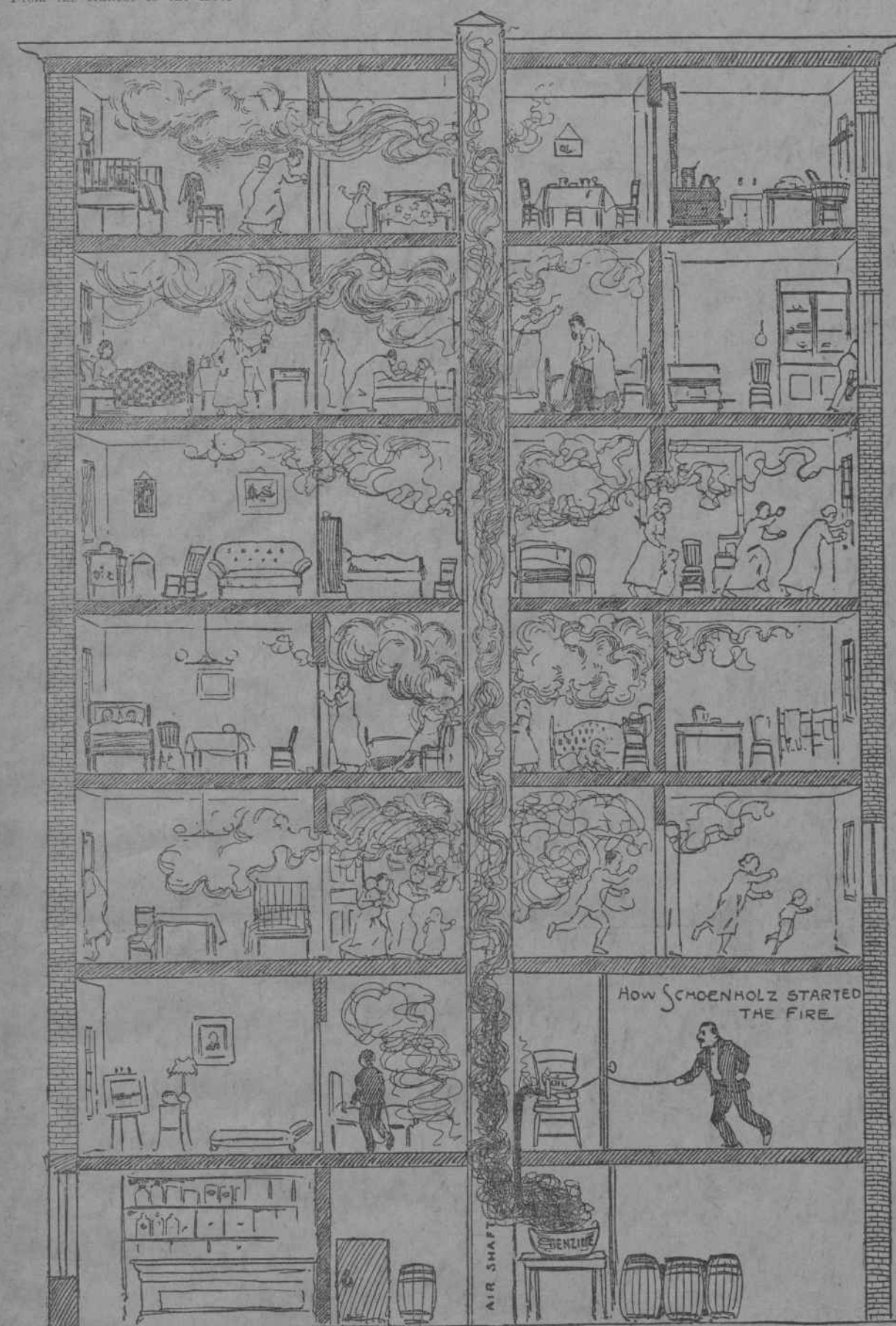
for several years from Catarrh of the Head, Throat and Stomach. I could neither eat nor sleep well. My head and throat became so filled up during the night that it took me a long time every morning to clear them out. My food distressed me. I lost in weight and my health became greatly impaired.

"I went to the Copeland Doctors eighteen months ago, and in a short course of treatment they completely cured me. Since then I have been a perfectly well man."

Readers of the MONOGRAPH ON DEAFNESS are to hear this in mind. In Deafness, Scarlet Fever, Bronchitis and Pneumonia the throat is involved and the inflammation extending from the throat into the Eustachian Tubes causing Deafness is Catarrh of the throat. The standard of the throat. The phrase "Catarrh of the throat" is used in the scientific and not in that popular sense in which Catarrh is so commonly regarded as a disease of the head and throat.

CONSULTATION FREE.

OFFICES, 79 FIFTH AVENUE, Between 15th and 16th Streets, AND 315 MADISON AVENUE, Corner of 42d Street, New York. DOCTORS W. H. COPELAND, E. E. GARDNER, HUNTER ST. JOHN. Office hours—Daily, 9 A. M. to 8 P. M. Sundays, 10 A. M. to 4 P. M.



THIS IS THE WAY THE FIREBUG SCHOENHOLZ STARTS A BLAZE.

that company of sleepers there has been nothing but labor and struggle since day-break on the morning before. Breakfast, a scanty crust; dinner, a weak penny soup, with the meat plentifully scarce; supper again a crust, and then more work, until sheer exhaustion makes rest imperative.

Small wonder that with such a soporific the tollers are numbed. The rumble of the elevated road leaves them undisturbed as the dead. The street noises, violent always on the East Side, act as a lullaby. The shouts of the drunken and riotous in the adjacent concert halls fall on deaf ears.

Midnight. If there is any stirring in that house it is with some one too tired almost for sleep, made restless by exhaustion. As for the rest, their slumber is leaden. Nothing affects them. Some are dreaming of the sweetness of life, sweet despite the treadmill of endless slavery.

An hour after midnight. In the dingy room, half store, half sweatshop, on the ground floor, there is a sign of life now, stealthy life. The creaking door has been carefully swung on the crumpled hinges, and a crouching figure has made its way inside from the darkened street. A flaming gas lamp across the way, serving only to make the darkness all around more uncertain, shows nothing of what is going on inside of that room. As for the sleepers, packed in tiers above, they hear nothing, dream nothing. Thoughts of danger are as far away as thoughts of love and life.

Yet death in its most horrible form, by fire, is about to be set loose under them by the sneaking figure in the dingy room below. The incendiary is at work.

Everything has been carefully planned; carefully—that is, to avoid failure and detection. On the sleepers and their safety no thoughts have been wasted by the firebugs.

A few lives, a score or more? What then? Is the insurance money is collected, human life counts nothing?

That is the doctrine of the incendiary, and on that doctrine the man on the ground floor is working. A pyrrhion had been erected some weeks before to screen the back part of the store from the street. Behind this partition the firebug is now bustling about. Ostensibly the place is a cloak factory and salesroom run by Isaac Zucker. But the clocks Zucker turned out were not for the market, the knowing ones say.

"He made up the cloaks to burn, not to

The fire was set, and still the wretched people slept on, all unsuspecting. At first it burned slowly. Then, as it reached the main body of the oil, there was a flash and a slight explosion. The dense smoke that poured up through the air shaft had no effect on the sleepers. They were too tired to be waked by a trifle like that.

Fortunately, the policeman on the beat, though he permitted the firebug to do his work undisturbed, got around in time to see the first flash of flame, and in a moment he was up the stairs, sounding the alarm. Then such a scramble ensued as can be seen only in a crowded tenement when its occupants awake to find themselves imperiled by fire. The alarm spread almost in an instant. Men, women and children rushed out of the rooms on every landing, shrieking and making frantic appeals for help. The policeman guided them down as best he could, and soon the firemen came to his aid. Between them they managed to get every one out of the building. But only because the incendiary had done his work clumsily, despite the elaborate planning. The stock in the sweatshop store had not burned as freely as had been anticipated, and as a result the people had had an opportunity to get out with their lives.

This was three years ago. It is only now that Isaac Zucker, as the alleged chief of the incendiaries, is brought to trial for the crime. The man has accumulated a large fortune through incendiaries, the District Attorney claims; by honest toil, Zucker himself declares. Acting District Attorney Davis, who has charge of the prosecution, says this was only one of a score or more planned by Zucker, and that the lives imperiled in the Division street fire were only a twentieth part of those put in jeopardy by Zucker in order that he might make a few hundred or thousand dollars by the conflagration. On the East Side and the West, uptown and downtown, in Brooklyn, as well as New Jersey, it is charged that Zucker has left a trail of arson, always coupled with the most reckless disregard of human life. That he himself set the match at this fire, Mr. Davis does not say. His tool was generally the man Schoenholz, who is now serving a forty-eight-hour sentence for arson, and who has been brought down from Sing Sing as the chief witness against Zucker. At Friday's session Schoenholz told Justice Furman and the jurors before whom Zucker is being tried in the criminal branch of the Supreme Court, the full story of the Division street fire. He admitted that, according to Zucker's orders, he had done "mechanical work," which included the actual setting of the fire.

Zucker's trial will be resumed to-morrow, and Mr. Davis is confident of securing a conviction.

of Arts in London.

For more than three centuries Vijayanagar has been considered accursed by the Hindoos, and its massive temples and palaces, still almost untouched by the hand of time, have been desolate and untenanted for all but a single fortnight each year. Then the curse is lifted from the sacred river, the Tungabhadra, and the city past which it flows, and for a little while the vast ruin murmurs and hums with the life of a quarter of a million inhabitants; the temples of Vishnu and Shiva and Hanuman are thronged with worshippers; and at night, when the resplendent southern moon is flooding the earth with its white radiance, the whole seems like an enchanted city which must vanish with the dawn.

The story of how this splendid city rose and fell, and why it has lain untenanted and dead for centuries is as fascinating as any tale in history. For two centuries before the discovery of America by Columbus, Vijayanagar was the centre in all India of purely native culture, and Hindoo learning and civilization, unalloyed by foreign influence, reached a standard perhaps higher than they had ever attained in any other part of India. It was also the metropolis of a wealthy and powerful state, and it contained an amount of wealth no colossal as to be incredible, were it not that native historians were fully corroborated by the accounts of independent European travellers. Some idea of the extent of the city may be gathered from the statement that its ruins cover an area of ten square miles.

Toward the middle of the sixteenth century Vijayanagar attained the acme of its luxury and splendor. As the residence of a wealthy court, it was the home of an opulent nobility, and was also theemporium of an immense commerce. The city, too, acquired a great reputation as a place of sanctity.

But in 1564 several Mohammedan rulers of neighboring states lying to the north of the Hindoo empire formed a coalition in order to effect a partition of Vijayanagar, and a large force was collected for the purpose of invasion. The reigning Hindoo monarch, named Rama, hastily summoned all his available troops and marched northward to meet the enemy. The two armies met at Telikota, on the banks of the Krishna River, and the Hindoos were routed after a long and desperate battle. The Rajah was promptly decapitated, and